MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR

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A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION
VOLUME 28 NUMBER 8

GIRLS ON GIRLS!

THE SEXY SECRETS THEY SHARE IN BED

SEE PAGE 66

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VOLUME 28 NUMBER 8

MAYFAIR

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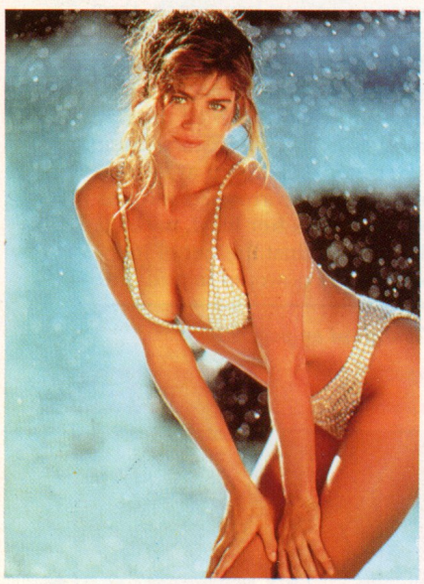

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Mayfair, vol.28, no.8 (1993)
Cover:

Cover model: Wendy Devine as Wendy Moore | thread
Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

- Abbey Brown
    1. post
- Adele Stephens as Rachel Smith-Edwards | thread
    1. post
- Claire Turner as Clare | thread
    1. post [lower portion]
    2. post
- Debbie Cummins
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- Jamie-Lee Baxter as Nikki James | thread
- Juliet Dawson | thread
    1. post
- Sharon Macintosh
- Teresa Tilly
    1. post [partial]
- Victoria Giles
- Wendy Devine as Wendy Moore, GotM | thread
    1. post

victoria

The luckiest girl in this month's issue is Victoria Giles from Leicestershire. For not only did she get to fly half way around the world courtesy of *Mayfair*, she also got to take her clothes off when she got there!

"I've wanted to appear in your magazine for ages now, but it wasn't until I turned 18 that you finally wrote to me and said that I could strip," explains the diminutive geography student. "Then when I spotted a 'plane ticket to the Bahamas attached to the back of the letter I was even happier, and immediately rang up all my friends to tell them how lucky I was. I just hope you think my pictures were worth all the expense!" adds the cute brunette with a wink. "You know I would have gladly settled for Bournemouth if it still meant I could be in *Mayfair*..."

Now she tells us!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN-PIERRE BOURGEOIS

c l a r

Bootyful Clare Turner looks every delicious inch just what you'd like to find waiting for you at home at the end of a long, hard day. But she reckons the only time she'll ever settle down is when she finds herself a real life cowboy!

"It's true! I'm mad about all those horses and wide open spaces and big, butch men all covered in leather. You know, I have this really sexy dream about being swept off my feet by some rugged hunk and rid-

ing off into the sunset with him — just like in those Clint Eastwood Western movies."

So do you meet many Clint Eastwards where you live in Cambridge?

"Well no, not really..." giggled the 20-year-old beautician wistfully, lying back and undoing her new white suspenders. "I guess I'll just have to settle for someone who's nice and sweet and ordinary instead. But he's still got to have a leather jacket though!" Ⓜ

c l a r e

SHARON

Not long ago 19-year-old Sharon Macintosh was living with her parents in a small village outside Darlington. Now, just six months later, she's been snapped up by a top London modelling agency and has moved into a one-bedroom flat in yuppie Chelsea. "I feel like I'm flying!" gushed the stunning blonde after her first nude assignment. "But don't worry, living in London won't change me. I intend to keep my feet planted firmly on the ground. However successful I become I'll still enjoy a good bonk more than a posh dinner party, any day!"

Okay yah! Ⓜ

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARLA TSCHUMI

MAYFAIR SPECIAL FEATURE

Lady in Lace

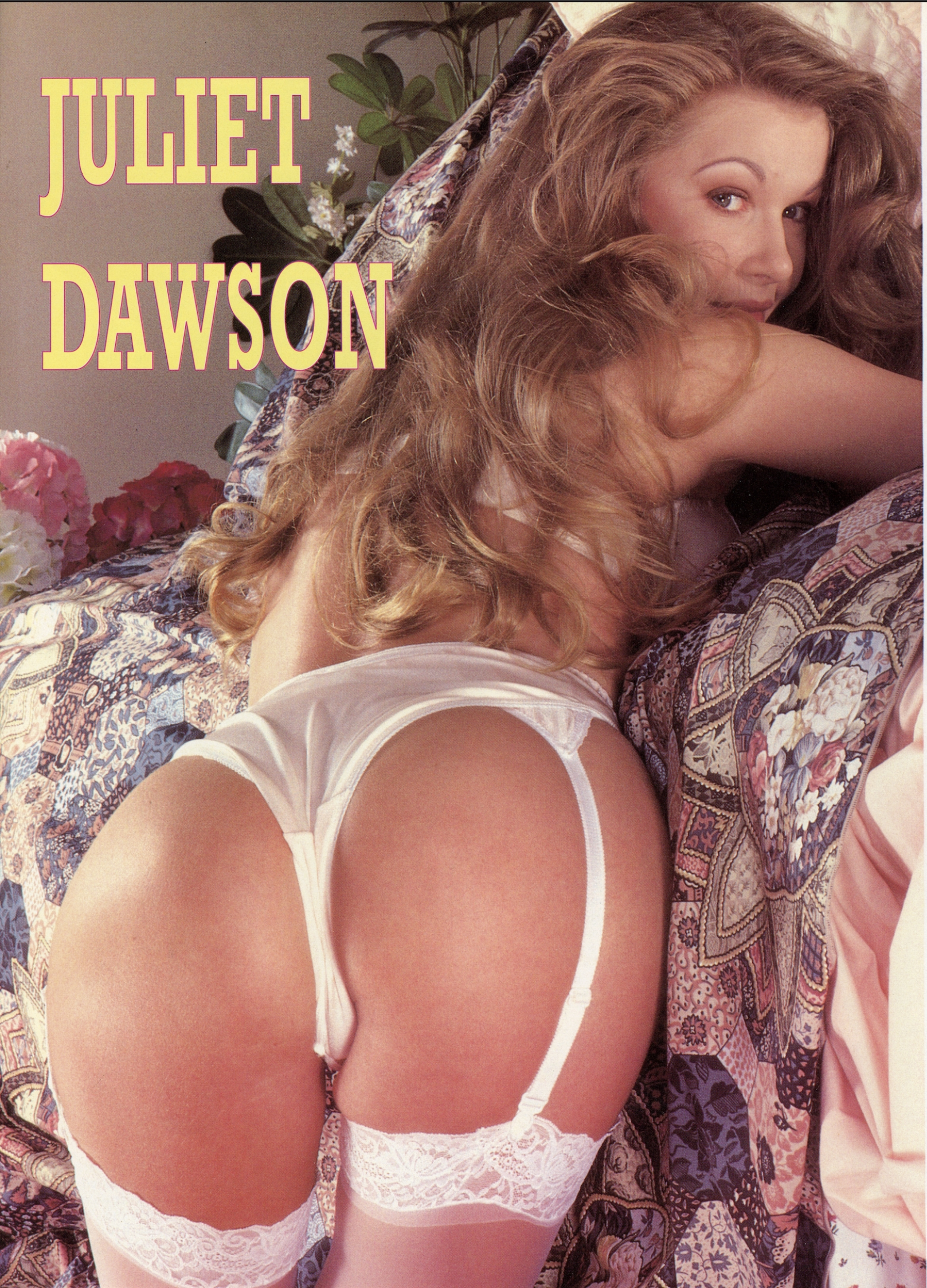
A recreation of Victorian Erotica

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF HOWES

STYLING BY LYNDON BURGE

It was an era when the merest turn of an ankle would get a man hot under his wing collar; when ladies were demure and their underwear was heard about but never seen. Lashings of lace and full white petticoats teased and tantalised the menfolk providing just a hint of the sexuality that lay beneath.

With so much hidden temptation it can be no coincidence that the Victorian era inspired a wealth of erotica. Such English classics as Lady Chatterly's Lover *and* Fanny Hill *revealed the unspoken — and now* Mayfair *does the same, as we present a lingering look back at the golden days of lacy lingerie...*


JULIET
DAWSON

At six foot two in her high heels, Juliet Dawson is head and shoulders above most girls in her home town of Caterham — and most fellas too. "I'm getting fed-up dancing with a guy whose head is in my boobs!" the 20-year-old sighs. Juliet's height has harassed her since she soared to six foot in sensible shoes at 16. "My boyfriend had a second-hand Fiesta and snogging was impossible. Just when it was becoming interesting my legs got in the way. I'd wind up with them round my neck!" Now, thanks to her own MGB that problem is solved. "There's lots of legroom, but I can't find a man with a lot of leg!" So what sort of fella is she after? "An Angus Deayton look-and-sound-alike would be nice, but frankly I'd have anyone I can kiss without bending down!" Ⓜ

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

Wendy MOORE

If you have difficulty thinking of a *Mayfair* model as shy, then you haven't met 19-year-old Wendy Moore. Wendy, a beautician from Berkshire, spends so much of her time making other people attractive that she had never thought of herself as model material. When our photographer spotted her in tight jodhpurs riding in Windsor Park, he was only too keen to convince her otherwise. As well as riding, Wendy loves long walks, country pubs and romantic novels. "I hate clubs and discos," she says quietly. "Wearing a glittery frock with guys shouting terrible chat-up lines at you — ugh!" Wendy doesn't have a boyfriend. "I just can't seem to meet the right man," she sighs. "If you get any letters, please pass them on!" Prepare for an avalanche of mail, Miss Moore.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
WENDY

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
WENDY

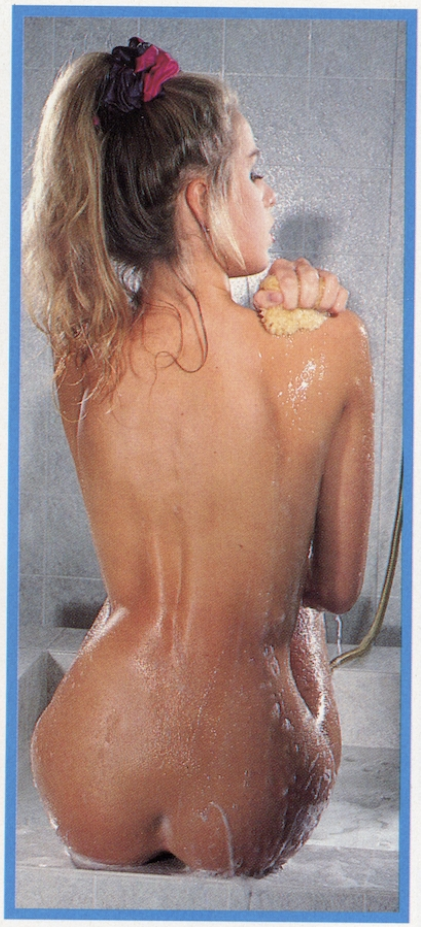
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
RALPH MEDLAND

RACHEL

Now Rachel Smith-Edwards' idea of a night on the tiles might not be quite as debauched as everyone else's, but it certainly looks more fun!

"It really is the best way to relax, you know. I love the feeling of all that hot water running over my body, and all those bubbles making my skin lovely and soft.

"And of course, like anything, it's more fun if there's someone around to enjoy it with. And as I've got rather more to clean than most girls, an extra pair of hands never goes amiss — unless I let them!"



nikki

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRY MUNNS

If you're looking for a girl's shoulder to cry on or, better still, something a little nearer the front, then Nikki James has a lot to offer. The 23-year-old buxom blonde used to work as a barmaid in a Lewisham pub, and specialised in letting guys open their hearts to her open blouse. "Most of

the customers wanted a girl to tell their problems to, preferably with a cleavage as deep as her sympathy!" said the curvaceous Crystal Palace girl. So every night she squeezed her 38-24-36 figure into tight, low-cut dresses and gave guys a consolation hug. "That certainly helped keep their pecker up!" she laughed. Now Nikki has given up the pub but still offers advice to lonely men. "Only last week, I was out on the town in an outfit just like this when I ran into a guy whose girlfriend had just left him," Nikki said. "He obviously wanted to talk about it, so I said, 'Go on, I'm all ears.' He smiled weakly and replied, 'Not from where I'm standing!'" Ⓜ

abbey

"I really never thought I was pretty enough for nude modelling," smiled the bashful and beautiful Abbey Brown. "And if it wasn't for going on holiday to Crete last month I wouldn't dare go naked at all.

"You see, all my girlfriends were stripping off on the beach but I really didn't think I had the figure for it," giggled the 19-year-old secretary from Chelsea. "They were all making fun of me for being so shy, but then when I finally did get up the nerve to go topless I had so many men looking at me that all my friends got jealous and told me to get dressed!

"Not that I took any notice of them, mind. I became quite an exhibitionist and couldn't wait to bare my boobs for the sun every day!"

Well don't worry, Abbey. We think our readers would be quite happy if you never put your clothes on again!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

tersa

You may not recognise Teresa straight away, but look hard and you can just about spot that the demure beauty slipping out of her silky stockings is none other than last issue's sexy Grunge Girl!

"I had great fun dressing up in all those flares and mini-skirts and being a bad girl for the day, but I think the real me is much quieter and more refined," reveals the 20-year-old singer/actress, and star of Channel 4's *The Press Gang* and many a television ad.

"I'd love to get into films eventually but it's a matter of finding the time really — especially when most of it is taken up with singing lessons and modelling for *Mayfair*. But if there are any budding directors out there who fancy casting me in a musical version of *Lady Chatterly's Lover* opposite Robert De Niro, just let me know!"

But can Robert De Niro sing, we asked. "I don't know," said Teresa. "But who said anything about him having to sing...?"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF HOWES

LETTERS

WE WELCOME ALL YOUR VIEWS, COMMENTS AND ANECDOTES. PLEASE WRITE TO 'LETTERS', MAYFAIR MAGAZINE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE

MELANIE MAN!

I am a regular reader of *Mayfair* and it never ceases to amaze me how you get your hands on such beauties. Or more specifically, how can *I* get my hands on such beauties, especially that stunning covergirl of Vol 28 No 6, Melanie?

What do you do? How do you find them? Scour the wine bars of Soho? Hang around at parties casually flicking out your business card at the right moment? Whatever you do, I would like to apply for the job, and even if I only ever meet someone of Melanie's beauty once I'll retire a happy man!

And I can't believe she has trouble meeting men! With those perfect bosoms, that smooth bottom and perfectly sexy lips that could break up a happy marriage from thirty feet she must have the fellas hurling themselves bodily at her! Please, let's see a lot more of her.

I bet your sales went through the roof the month she appeared on the cover — I know a certain part of me did!

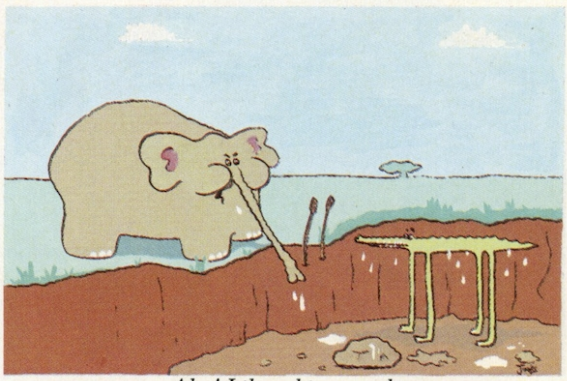
— Tim,
Ipswich

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

I am a management consultant, and recently I was in Leeds attending a conference. Over coffee on the second morning I got talking to Diane, an attractive woman of about 35, who was my equivalent in our sister office in Newcastle.

Diane was quite tall and absolutely beautiful, with curly red hair, blue eyes and full, well-shaped lips. She also had long, long legs, which she obviously liked showing off in her tight mini-skirts.

Her breasts were not especially large, but looked like they would be firm to the touch. Her nipples were just visible beneath her white blouse, and as we talked I swore they became more prominent.



Aha! I thought as much

Anyway, we agreed to have dinner together that night to discuss work. We were getting carried away with business talk so I invited her to my room for coffee afterwards to carry on the discussion. As I rang down to room service for a couple of brandies, Diane sat on the sofa, and did an astonishing thing. She just opened her legs as she spoke — still talking about work — and I was able to see all the way up her thighs, past her black stockings and as far as her silky white panties.

Diane could see I was staring, and with a smile, she let her skirt ride up even more, and she even began to run her palm along the inside of one of her legs, just where the clip of her stocking was and all the while still talking about possible future growth within our company!

What a tease! When room service arrived, I signed for the drinks and knocked them both back myself. Then taking a deep breath I went over to Diane and kissed her gently on the lips as her fingers traced the bulge growing in my trousers. I got down on my knees in front of her. She didn't say anything, just opened her legs further.

I put a hand on each of her thighs and moved her skirt as far up as it would go so that the crotch of her panties, through which I could see the dark shadow of her pubes, was now totally exposed. Then I bent down and began licking along her thighs, first one, then the other.

The sensation of my tongue coming off the nylon and Lycra of her stockings and tracing up the length of her suspenders to her panties drove us both wild. She grabbed my head and pulled me harder against her. I nuzzled at the taut fabric stretched across her pussy, feeling the dampness coming through and breathing in the heady aroma of her sex.

Still without saying a word, Diane reached down and unzipped my trousers. Pulling them down, she gasped for a moment as she caught sight of my erect cock.

"Do it", she said. "Fuck me."

I shuffled forward awkwardly on my knees until my cock was pressing against her crotch, then drew her panties aside, enjoying the feeling of their wetness on my fingers before I inserted my full, quivering length all the way into her in one single movement.

Her eyes half closed as I slid home, and she groaned softly as I began to fuck her hard, my balls slapping against the net of her panties as I powered in and out.

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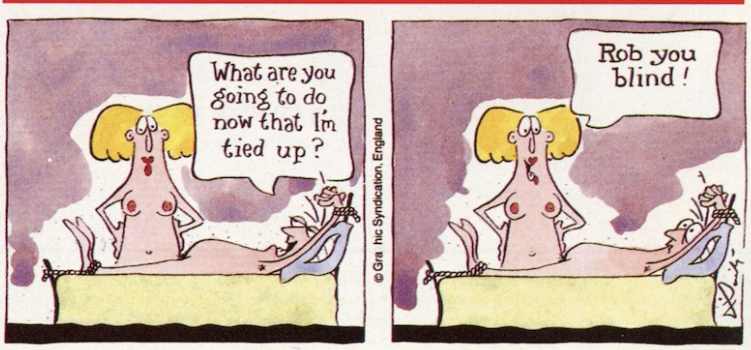
BETWEEN THE SHEETS



LETTERS

Continued from page 4

Diane wrapped her legs around me and pushed up off the bed till we were screwing in perfect unison.

Soon she was screaming out that she was coming and I knew I couldn't go on for long. I tried to think of something else to put myself off shooting up inside her, but what she said next had me coming almost in an instant.

"Tomorrow, I want you to fuck my best friend," she said. "She... oooh... needs a fuck even more than me. Oooh, would you like that?"

"Oh God!" I said, building strongly to my climax. "Yes. Please. Yes!"

Well, that was it. My load shot out of me and deep inside her, causing her to buck with pleasure and wrap her legs even tighter around me, drawing me closer in. I could feel how much spunk I was pumping out, and now it was coursing through her damp, hot little cunt and settling inside her.

When our orgasms had at last subsided, Diane pulled my cock slowly out of her and bent forward to lick it clean. As she got dressed she explained her best friend Kate had recently split up with her husband and was looking for a bit of fun.

"I told her I'd look out for the right man, and it looks like I've found him!"

Well, after that night I've been hammering myself silly and I get a hard-on just thinking about what will happen next month when we all meet up for another conference. I'll write to let you know how I get on — and if there's any more growth going on in our company! — George, London

FRUIT FETISH!

I enjoy reading all the letters in *Mayfair* and it always tickles me that there are so many people out there who love feet, or lacy underwear, or even girls in nothing but tights. But when are us Fruities going to get a look in?

My wife and I enjoy hours of fun playing the sort of games that would make any grocer green with envy, from 'Hiding the Plum' to playing Sardines with nothing but a cupboard and a pound of courgettes.

What we would really like to see is two or three girls sucking and nibbling on cucumbers, bananas and carrots. I'm sure they wouldn't mind, and of course it does have the benefit of being the healthiest way of turning anyone on!

Continued on page 26

BOX OFFICE

If it's out, it's in! ***Albert Hall*** *finds our biggest fan and discovers what Stephen Fry thinks of us too...*

NAKED TRUTH

Johnny Vaughan, presenter of *Moviewatch* and *Naked City* on Channel 4, started out importing cheap underwear from the Far East and selling it here. Unfortunately, he also imported a few other things (rather more illegal) and ended up in prison, and it was there that he found a new obsession — reading *Mayfair*.

"The new *Mayfair* was more eagerly awaited than a visit from a girlfriend," he told us. "My favourite used to be Stephanie Bews, but since then I really liked Emma and Claire *(below)*."

The right-on Channel 4 star may have a growing career in television, but has his eyes set on a rather different job.

"I want to be the proof reader for your mag," he said. "Now that's what I call a job! I really must come to your office some time..."

One of the items in his new show *Naked City* is what he describes as *"Through The Keyhole* with bollocks"; searching the homes of stars, but going into their bedroom drawers.

"We'll be looking on the tops of wardrobes, in garage cupboards, under beds, anywhere we might find something rude, like your mag."

Well, to make sure they find something, why not start at your place, Johnny?

CAUGHT OUT!

A member of *Mayfair*'s staff was in a local electrical shop recently when he spied that famous actor and author, Stephen Fry.

Mr Fry was discussing with the assistant the fact that soon letters will be reappearing on telephones, so you will be able to have a seven letter word connected with your job as well as a phone number.

Keen to test the sponta-

LETTERS

Continued from page 20

My dream photo set would have Lucy, Sandy and Danielle (all in Vol 28 No 5) all making a fruit salad armed only with their lips, tongues and thighs! Well, I'll leave that thought with you, but if you do feel like doing it I will gladly play the man from Del Monte! — Simon, Dover

GOING UP IN THE WORLD

Recently our boss, Mr Webster, retired from the bank where I work and to celebrate we all took him out for a meal after his last day with us.

Now I work in quite a large branch and I thought I knew everybody there, but I could've kicked myself for not noticing this beautiful woman called Angie before!

About 40 of us went out for this meal, and as we all squeezed into our seats I noticed she came and sat right next to me. Angie was a couple of years older than me, about 35, but still extremely sexy, with long brown hair tied up in a bun and a curvy figure she was obviously confident about as she showed it all off in the tightest black dress I'd ever seen.

We got chatting, and as the wine came we all loosened up a little. Before long we were all a little tiddly, to say the least. The first course came and went, but by the time we were half way through the second things were getting out of hand. People were shouting like schoolboys, chucking food around, pouring wine over each other, and generally acting like idiots. Angie read my face and leant close to me.

"Let me take you away from all this..." she grinned, and taking my hand we carefully slipped away from the party and ran outside. We hailed a cab, and within ten minutes we were back in her flat, with me mixing a couple of drinks and her 'slipping into something more comfortable'.

She emerged from her bedroom, not in the silk negligee I half-expected but a pair of ripped jeans and a t-shirt. So much for romance, I thought, but was I wrong! She walked over to me and I handed her the drink, and keeping my gaze, she sucked hard on the straw. She sucked it dry then, putting the glass down, she came up close and kissed me long and hard.

"I'm glad we got out of there," she whispered. "Because I've wanted this for ages."

Before I even had time to answer she was down on her knees, licking her lips and tugging at my belt, pulling my trousers down.

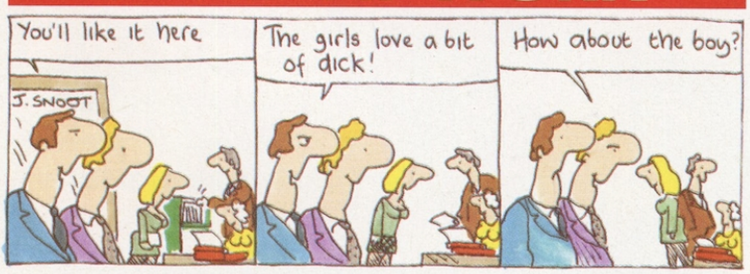
I closed my eyes as I felt her hard, hot tongue slide over my cock and tickle my balls. Then she suddenly opened her mouth and took me all the way in and slowly began bobbing her head up and down. I had to look, and as soon as I saw her big red lips stretching as she clamped them tight around my tool I knew I had to have her properly.

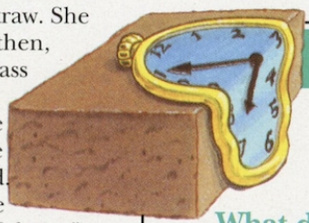
I sank to my knees too, and lay her down on the carpet, easing off her jeans and t-shirt till she was stark naked. I sat across her chest and squeezed her huge, smooth tits together around my cock, so that every time I pushed forward it felt like I was fucking her. She lifted her head and sucked my bell end, and I would love to have come then and there but I really wanted to make love to this beauty. So wriggling down a little I gently slipped into her and soon built up my rhythm till we were both powering away.

"Oooh, that's it... fuck me hard!" she murmured. Despite being really wet she was gloriously tight, but she still wanted more cock, and she pulled up her knees till they were resting on her chest, which got me even further up her. I fondled the big, bouncing tits in front of me as our fucking got

Continued on page 92

HARD AT WORK





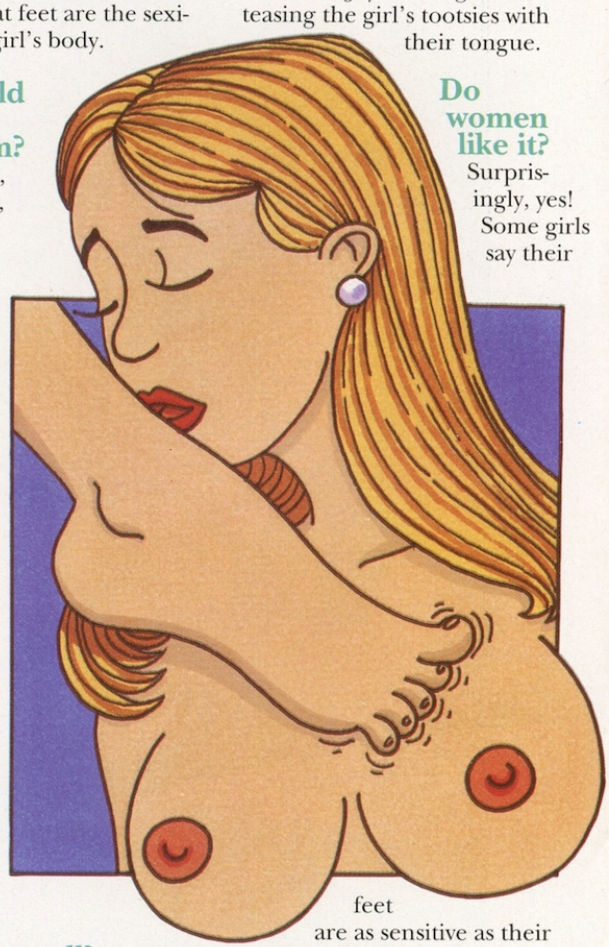
MAYFAIR'S ONE MINUTE FOOT FETIS

What does it mean?
You think that feet are the sexiest part of a girl's body. Others enjoy washing them, then teasing the girl's tootsies with their tongue.

What would a foot fan do to them?
Suck the toes, lick the heels, fondle them, tickle them, paint the toenails, kiss her shoes. Rather demeaning, and it's guaranteed to give you cramp.

What would he like her to do to him?
Masturbate him with the soles, tickle his willy with her toes — and walk all over him!

Don't they smell?
Yes, but this is half the fun!



Do women like it?
Surprisingly, yes! Some girls say their feet are as sensitive as their boobs, so fondling and licking is a great turn-on.

Illustration by Andrew Peters

Celebrity Bares

Build a fantasy figure with our Famous Naked Person kit!

GAYLE AND GILLIAN, THE BLAKENEY TWINS FROM *NEIGHBOURS*

You've seen them fully clothed — now see them fully naked! Well, nearly. Simply cut out the faces of Gayle and Gillian and stick them to the body below for double the fun!

LETTERS

Continued from page 26

even faster, and our breathing even quicker as she panted out loud she was coming.

I couldn't hold back either, and just as she writhed and screamed out her orgasm I whipped my cock out and sprayed my spunk all over her body. She rubbed my come over her nipples and tits which seemed to really turn her on again and stretch out her climax.

Eventually her orgasm subsided as my own squirts of come slowed down too and I collapsed on top of her. She explained she'd wanted to do that ever since she'd first seen me, and as she was being promoted to take over from Mr Webster this was probably the last chance she was going to get! This meant I'd just shagged my boss!

I could still hear her laughing as I hurriedly got dressed and ran out of her house. She hasn't said much about that night since then, but I did get promoted a month later, and if this carries on, I guess I could be a director by the end of the year! — Anthony, Wiltshire

SHE'LL HAVE A LARGE ONE

I used to think beautiful young women looked for a bit of decorum, gentility and class in a man who they fancied sleeping with — but how wrong I was!

I have a respectable job as a travelling salesman, which means I'm usually well-groomed and presentable at all times. It also means that I spend many a night away from home staying in some pretty swanky hotels, and I have to admit that being youngish, free and single has served me rather well with the ladies. But last week my eyes were opened to a whole new approach to the mating game!

I was relaxing in a hotel in London, having spent most of the evening chatting up a gorgeous young advertising executive called Denise. We were getting along fine, but the only blot on the landscape was the fact that the only other people in the bar were two young men in jeans and t-shirts. They were pretty drunk, and were making so much noise I took a deep breath and politely asked them to keep it down a bit.

Expecting to be told to 'bugger off', I was pleasantly surprised when the two fellows apologised and invited us to join them in a drink. Denise was obviously intrigued, so we sat with them for another night-cap.

Continued on page 98

Here Is The Nudes...

Our monthly roundup of the glitz, tits and sexy bits that are making the headlines

EXCLUSIVE!
SARA'S BIG PART!

COMIC STRIP?

Supermodel Sarah Stockbridge, the latest recruit to TV's *Comic Strip* series, popped out in the latest Vivienne Westwood creation when a hole in her designer frock slid round to reveal one of saucy Sarah's nipples. Now that's showbiz!

GOOD SPORTS

That most British of summer sports is with us once again. No, we don't mean cricket, but that other combination of bouncers and googlies — streaking. Our team of selectors has been working on a first XI of saucy strippers who have bared their bods at sporting venues. Girls like Sylvania, Ashley, Sheila Nicholls, and Erica Roe who have kept the crowds entertained when our so-called sportsmen have let us down once again.

We reckon that streaking should become a televised event (the British Open Blouse Championship?) with perhaps a cricketer running on the pitch to stop things getting tedious. At least we'd get a Brit in the final.

Run out: streaking is back!

HORMONALLY YOURS

If you find that even the sight of lovely *Mayfair* girls like Joanne *(below)* aren't enough to raise your interest, then you could try stronger specs — or a hormone boost. For while the revolutionary new way to increase your sex drive isn't a patch on us — it *is* a patch on you.

Inspired by smokers who want to give up, the testosterone patch has been developed for those wanting to take up dirty habits. The patch is simply stuck onto the arm or thigh, and the hormones that stimulate the sexual appetite are gradually released into the bloodstream till you feel so horny you even start looking at Thora Hird in different light...

KWIK SEKS

If your idea of excitement is sneaking nine packets of frozen peas through the eight-items-or-less checkout at Sainsbury's, then you might not be able to cope with the new *Sex Supermarket* in Champigny-sur-Marne, just

SEE FOR YOURSELF

Well worth a visit is the recently opened *Erotic Museum* in Copenhagen, where every room is dedicated to bonking through the ages. As well as a collection of erotic photographs, sexy sculptures, statues and sex-toys, you'll find lots of naughty facts on what the likes of Aristotle Onassis, Freud and even Hans Christian Anderson got up to between the sheets!

The museum specially commissioned several wax works from Madame Tussaud's in an attempt to bring erotic scenes from history to life in full-colour 3D. So now you can enjoy a life-size Roman orgy without even taking your trousers off!

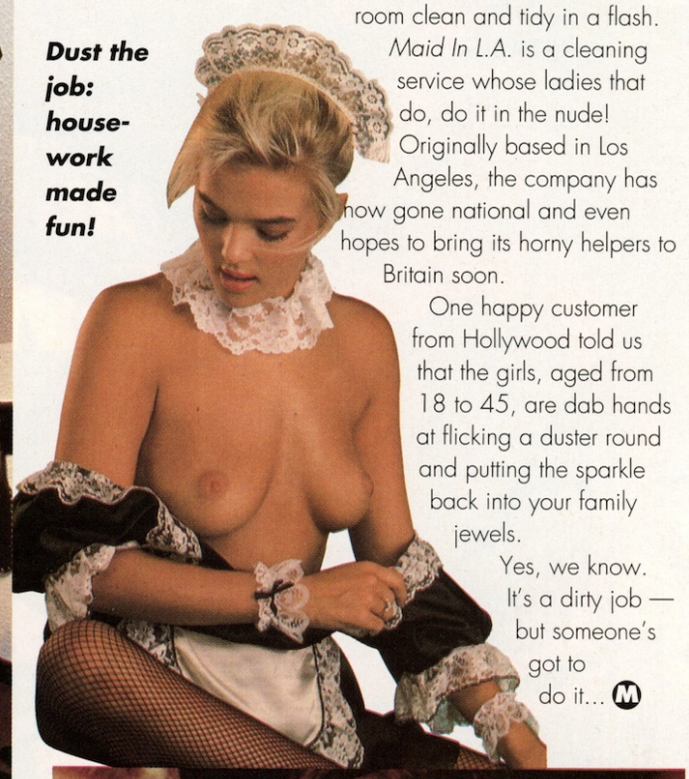
Wax works: Madame Tussaud's made the models for the world's naughtiest museum

MAID FOR PLEASURE

Taking the US by storm is the newest way to keep your bedroom clean and tidy in a flash. *Maid In L.A.* is a cleaning service whose ladies that do, do it in the nude! Originally based in Los Angeles, the company has now gone national and even hopes to bring its horny helpers to Britain soon.

One happy customer from Hollywood told us that the girls, aged from 18 to 45, are dab hands at flicking a duster round and putting the sparkle back into your family jewels.

Yes, we know. It's a dirty job — but someone's got to do it... Ⓜ



Dust the job: housework made fun!

outside Paris. There you can buy everything to do with sex — as long as you do it naked!

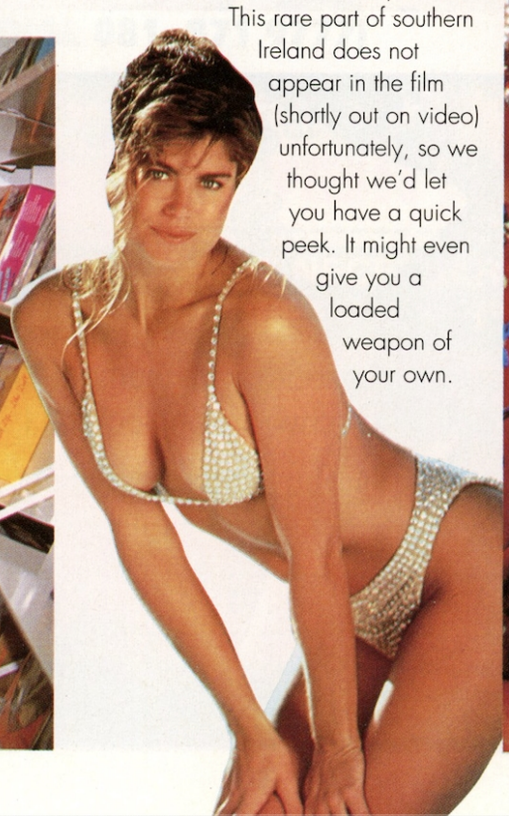
Where you're going to keep your change is another thing, but at least there's ample parking spaces for bikes...

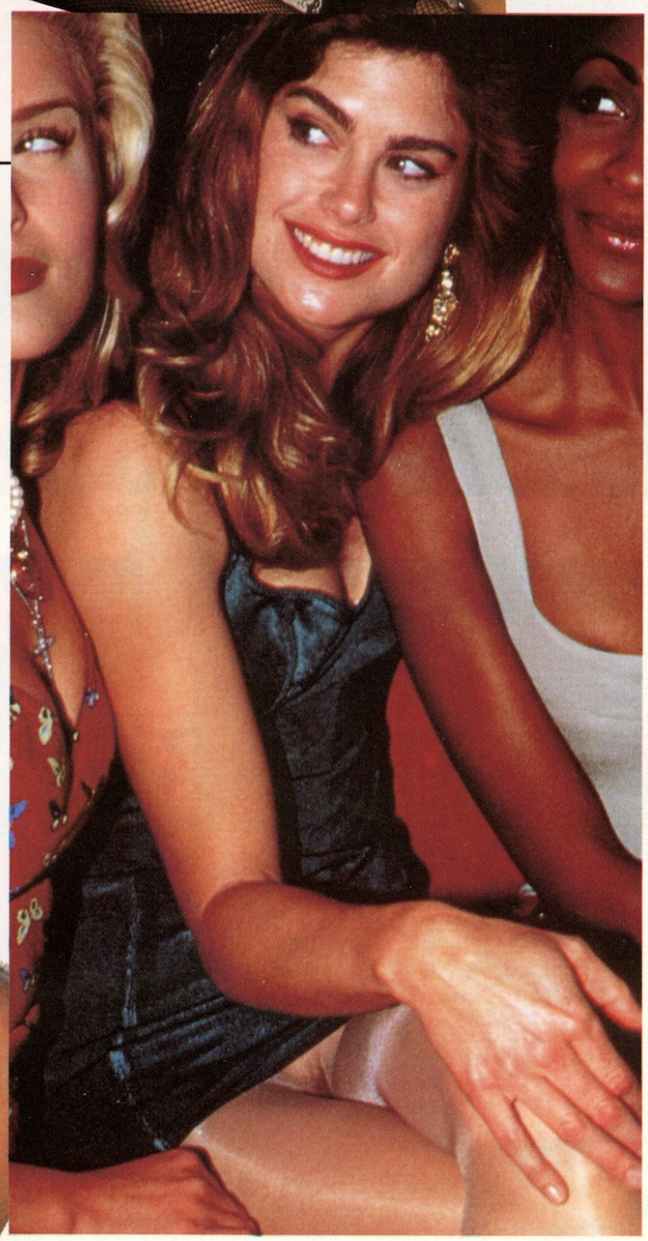
Well stacked: everything's coming down at the Sex Supermarket

SOUTHERN IRELAND

American model-turned-actress Kathy Ireland has been splitting guys' sides in her role in *Loaded Weapon*, the *Airplane*-style piss-take of the *Lethal Weapon* series. But she split our strides when we saw this shot of her out on the town — and out of her panties.

This rare part of southern Ireland does not appear in the film (shortly out on video) unfortunately, so we thought we'd let you have a quick peek. It might even give you a loaded weapon of your own.





MONEY MAYFAIR

Award-giving ***Alexander More*** *puts your money where his mouth is and banks at your convenience...*

INDECENT EXPENDITURE

After *Indecent Exposure*, the question everyone was asking their loved ones was, 'would you sleep with a total stranger for £1 million?' We reckon we know what the answer would be if you asked our girls that, so we took it one stage further. 'What', we enquired, 'would you do with the £1 million once you'd got it?'

Helen: Own a Yacht

"I enjoy hanging around the nice end of Cowes, if you see what I mean, admiring the boats. I reckon I'd make a great Captain. I'd certainly shiver a few timbers, I can tell you."

Tracey: Invest in Antiques

"I've always been keen on antique furniture and I'm teaching myself to restore it but I don't really have the money to practise. I do fancy having a go at touching up a Chippendale!"

Laura: Run a Stately Home

"Not that it would be very stately! Imagine the parties! Yes, I would let visitors in. I believe in throwing everything open to the public — as you can see."

Well, at least one girl is thinking of others!

BIG TITS OF THE MONTH

Following the immense success of our 'Tight Arse' award for the meanest organisation in Britain, this month we introduce a new one. *The Big Tits of the Month* title and momento (a brass sculpture of the marvellous melons of *Mayfair* model, Donna) will be handed out to the most wasteful companies in Britain.

And who are the first to get their hands on our tits? It's electricity company, *Seeboard*.

Now, when one of our contributors required them to reconnect the electricity in a house he'd recently bought, he was pleasantly surprised when a *Seeboard* electrician soon arrived. Unfortunately, it transpired that he had only come to connect the downstairs flat, but another electrician would be coming to do the rest of the house. Suspecting there was a mistake (after all, who would send two men in separate vans at different times to do two jobs in the same house?), our colleague rang *Seeboard*.

"I'm afraid that's right," the girl said. "The address doesn't matter, we distribute jobs evenly among our staff."

The second electrician (who turned up two hours later) confirmed this.

"I've worked with three other electricians all fighting to get to the same fuse box because several flats in the same house have wanted work doing," he said.

Seeboard's motto? 'The power to help you'.

SLY STOOL HOME

If you're looking for a good place for a dump, try *Planet Hollywood*! The restaurant, frantically marketed by Sly Stallone, Bruce Willis and Big Arnie, is famous for its film memorabilia, but we believe it should be better known for its toilets.

We sent one of our staff to review the big burger bar for us and she revealed, as suspected, that it was bloody expensive (£11.50 for a cocktail, £3 for a bottle of Bud). But then she tried the loo!

As well as the comfortable surroundings, Sly and the guys lay on free big name perfumes, make-up and tights for the girls, even saline solution for contact lens wearers.

"I would have waited till I got there to do put my face on if I'd known," she said.

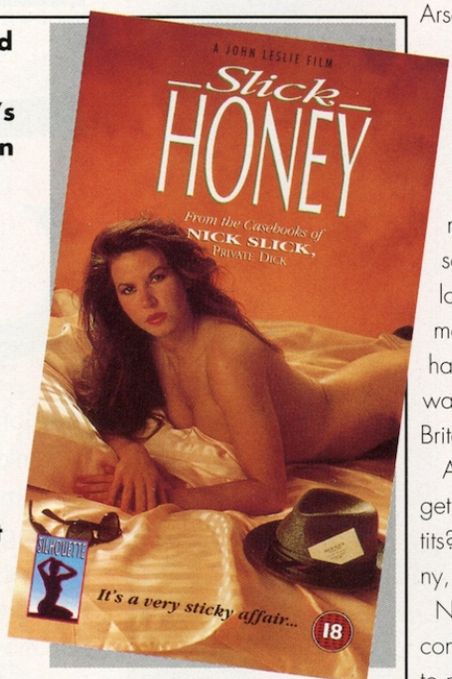
We would recommend a quick drink and a long dump there any time. Ⓜ

neous wit of the tweeded one, our chap said, "Well, I work for a men's magazine, so what seven letter word would you suggest for me?"

The mild-mannered master of the bon mot paused and grinned.

"My dear boy, if you work on those sort of magazines, surely you don't need to know any seven letter words!"

What, sir? What about 'pussies', 'fannies' or 'nipples'? He forgot all them! Or maybe we've just got sex on the brain...



SLICK OPERATOR

Oh no, not another detective! Mind you, Nick Slick is very different from the average TV sleuth as there's never any question of whodunit — he dunit, and with the prettiest broad around.

Slick is the main character in *Slick Honey* (Sunset Strip Video £12.95). He sets out on the best case of his life when he is asked to to follow a cheating hubby. It soon turns into a rude romp mixing sex and slapstick gags in an entertaining hour.

Mind you, we reckon it should have starred Jimmy Nail and been retitled *Wad Spender*. Ⓜ

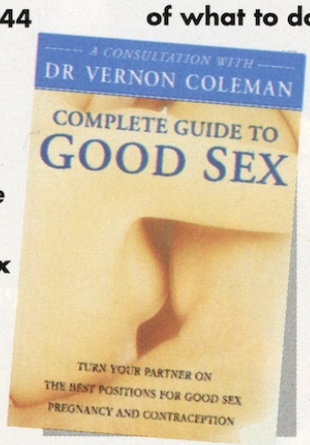
STUFF

You'll never get through August without...

Going along to see *Xtasy* on their dubiously-named *Lubrication* tour. This all-girl dance troupe mix 'eroticism with domination' as they fill the stage with dry ice, leather thigh-length boots and enough wet-look rubber to make you seasick. They will be teasing and touring most of Europe this summer. For further information, ring Paul on 0244 383931

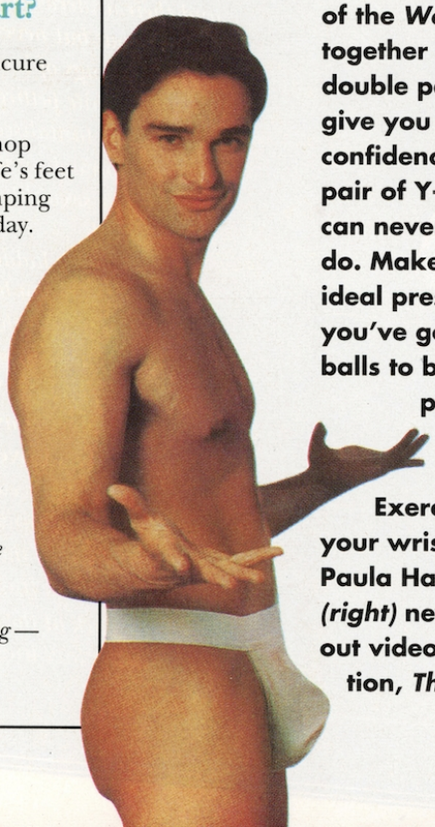
one reveals such tips as how to choose the ideal position, what is sexual etiquette and even 12 things that turn women off! Makes for an entertaining read!

Getting hold of a copy of *Homework* (Tartan Video £15.99). This sexy Mexican thriller (with subtitles) deals with that old problem of what to do when you find out that the girl who's just been seducing you has been videoing the whole thing too. Watch it and we reckon you'll never make love with the light on again!



Reading *The Complete Guide To Good Sex* by Dr Vernon Coleman (£7.99, Hamlyn). Much better than a guide to completely bad sex, this one reveals such tips as how to choose the ideal position, what is sexual etiquette and even 12 things that turn women off! Makes for an entertaining read!

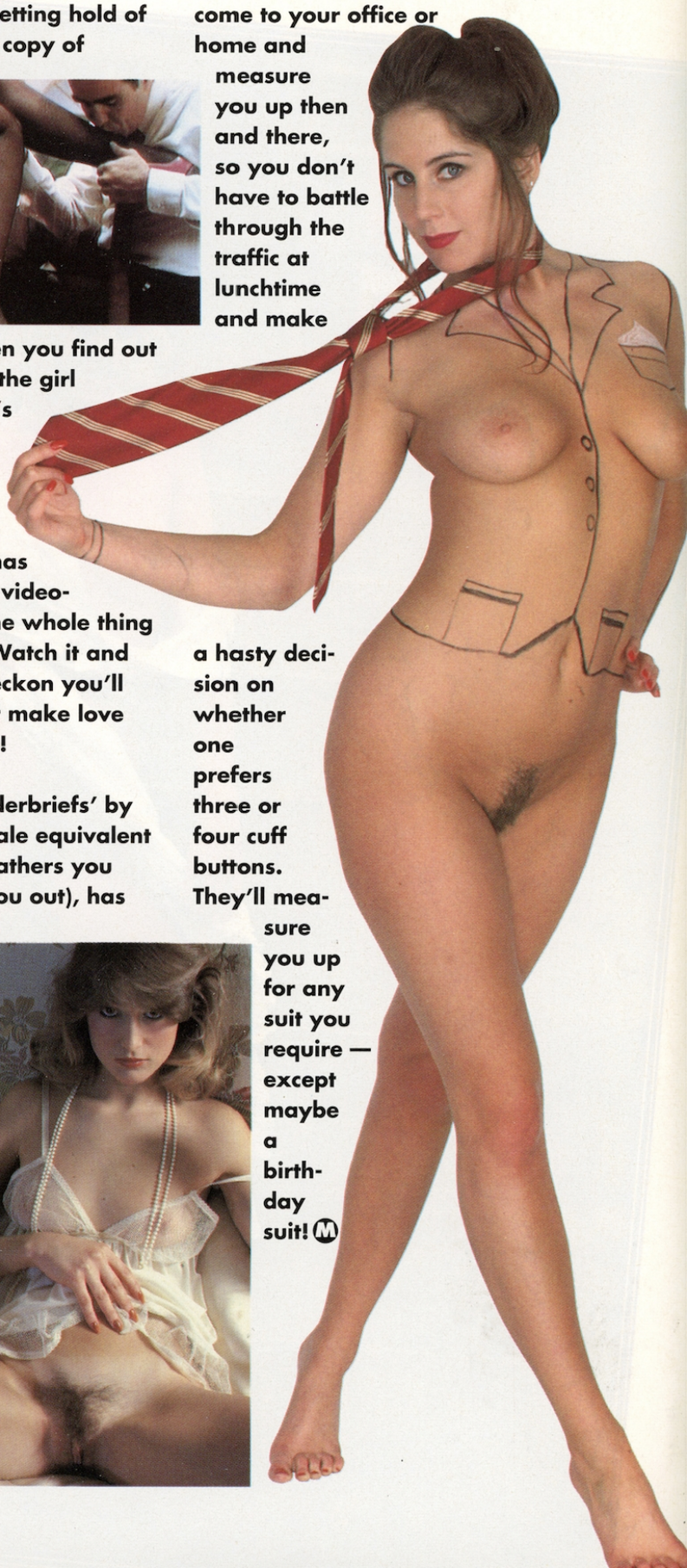
Buying a pair of 'wonderbriefs' by *Jockey* (£7.99). This male equivalent of the *Wonderbra* (it gathers you together and pushes you out), has double padding to give you 'extra confidence' that a pair of Y-fronts can never quite do. Makes an ideal present, if you've got the balls to buy a pair...



Exercising your wrist to Paula Hamilton's *(right)* new workout video collection, *The Shape Series* (Vision Video, £7.99 each). So get in shape for the summer, or just sit back and watch Paula do it instead. Much more fun!

Spoiling yourself with a made-to-measure suit from *Norton & Townsend* (£275 — £350, depending on the cloth, tel: 071 240 0863).

These accommodating chaps will come to your office or home and measure you up then and there, so you don't have to battle through the traffic at lunchtime and make a hasty decision on whether one prefers three or four cuff buttons. They'll measure you up for any suit you require — except maybe a birthday suit! Ⓜ



GUIDE TO... HISM

Famous foot lovers (allegedly):
David Mellor, Fergie, Madonna, Dr Scholl.

Organisations:
The Foot Lovers Appreciation Society (and their magazine *Footsy*), P.O. Box 867, Stanford le Hope, Essex, SS17 7JJ.

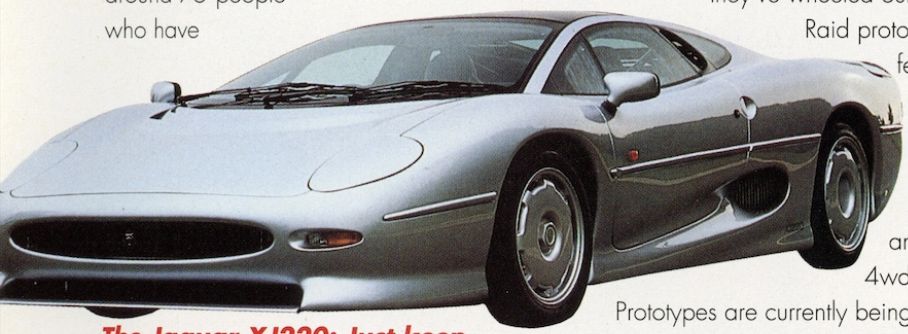
How do you start?
Take up reflexology
Set up a mobile pedicure company
Work at a shoe shop
Work at The Sock Shop
Offer to wash the wife's feet after she's been tramping round the shops all day.

Famous songs about feet:
You Need Feet — Max Bygraves
Sole Train — The Isley Brothers
Heel Meet Again — Vera Lynn
Toe Now — Moody Blues
These Boots Were Made For Licking — Nancy Sinatra
High Heel Silver Lining — Jeff Beck. Ⓜ

TORQUE TALK

Fancy buying a car you don't want? Or one that flies? Then let ***Hugh Laver*** *put you on the right track*

Obviously manufacturers get a little pissed off when people won't buy their cars, but Jaguar has gone one step further and plans to sue around 75 people who have



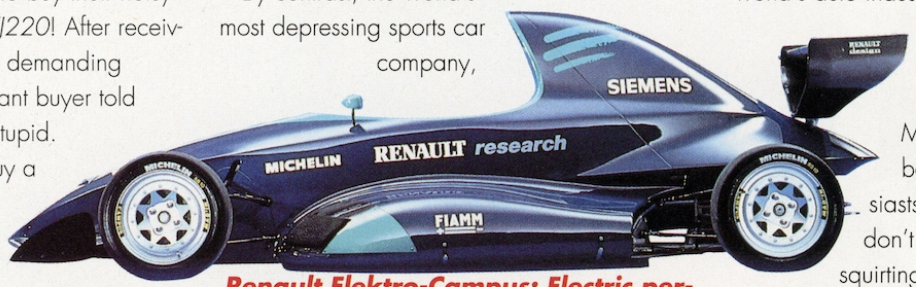
The Jaguar XJ220: Just keep the receipt...

decided that they don't want to buy their noisy (and not very) supercar, the *XJ220*! After receiving a letter from the company demanding another £50,000, one reluctant buyer told Autocar, 'It's all getting very stupid. Jaguar is forcing people to buy a car they don't want.'

Maybe they should stick to big, fast luxury saloons instead. Trouble is, nobody wants them either. Jag's rivals Mercedes, BMW and Audi have all come up with a better idea than suing the punters, and September will see the unveiling of a Fiat *Panda*-sized micro-Merc, soon to be followed by a 1.2litre mini-Merc the size of a Renault *5*. Rivals BMW are planning an equally small 2-Series hatchback and 1997 should see the unveiling of the new Nissan *Micra*-sized *Audi 60*. Thing is though, they won't actually be German. Wage levels there are now so high that the top brass are looking to build them in the US, Mexico, Portugal, Spain, or even Hungary instead.

Apart from the fabulous 1950s *Pegaso*, Spain's contribution to high adrenalin motoring has been about as inspired as Ghana's to grand opera. But Seat (who now make one car every 53 seconds) look set to change all that. As well as the stunning *Concept-T Cabriolet*, they've wheeled out their first Rally-Raid prototype. The *Toledo* features a mid-mounted 300bhp 5cylinder engine mated to a six-speed gearbox and permanent 4wd-transmission. Prototypes are currently being tested in the off-road Baja Espania before challenging Citroën's Paris-Peking-winning *ZX*.

By contrast, the world's most depressing sports car company,



Renault Elektro-Campus: Electric performance from a 68bhp slot machine

MG, wheels new ones out at a rate of one every 53 years, or so it seems. And their first all-new model since the million year-old *MGB* has finally confirmed their status as a Mickey Mouse outfit. Code named *PR3*, and basically a Toyota *MR2* ten years too late, it is to be built in partnership with the Mayflower Corporation, a company which grew out of Triang, Britain's answer to Tonka Toys. And if that's not appropriate, I don't know what is.

Ideally, of course, this silly toy should be equipped with Ronal's new 'teddy' wheels.

Ronal's Wheels: The first legal bear tyre

The hugely famous Vector Aeromotive Corporation has at its head one Jerry Wiegert, who is planning a flying car called the *Ram Wing*. Designed 'to float a few feet above land or water and travel as fast as an aeroplane', and given the state of the world's auto industry, it makes you wonder which planet Wiegert himself is hovering above.

With Honda, Peugeot and Mercedes finally turning their backs on Formula One, enthusiasts must be praying Renault don't take over completely. Seen squirting its way round the Monaco circuit recently, their new racer boasts 68bhp and a top speed of just 105mph.

Mind you, even Mansell wouldn't run out of petrol in this one — it's electric. Seems that after 30 years of Scalextric mimicking Formula One, now it's the other way round. Ⓜ

Seat Toledo: 4WD sand blaster

Posers &

Babs Brainbottom*, the girl with a great head for figures, handles more stiff ones in this month's selection of queries*

My mate George and I were arguing in the pub the other day as to who had the bigger tits, Jayne Mansfield or Sophia Loren. I reckon it was Jayne, but George says her jugs only looked bigger 'cos she had such a slim waist. A pint rests on the result.

Mark, Bromley

And there'd be no danger of it falling off! Jayne Mansfield's statistics were a whopping 40-19-36, whilst Sophia managed a mere 38-24-38. I reckon you'll need a pint after contemplating that lot.

Can you tell me who invented the condom? Was it someone called Johnny?

John, Hull

No, John, it was actually invented by the aptly-named Italian Gabriello Fallopio in the 1550s. It was only

LIFE SENTENCE

Strange things are happening high in the hills of Peru but, as ***Charlie Munro*** *discovers, he is not alone...*

The Price of Tomatoes

After five and a half hours travelling high into the Andes in a beaten up Toyota Land Cruiser, we arrived at a tin-mining camp near a small village in Colca Canyon, Peru.

It had been a cold, arduous drive, bumping and sliding over the snow-covered Alto Plano (or high plain) with my guide, Guillermo, a full-blooded native of Peru, at the wheel.

The mining camp was also a hostel for the rare visitor to the area, but we weren't there as tourists. We checked into our rooms, took a shower and met for dinner at seven.

The dining hall was vast, neon-lit and absolutely deserted, even though its dozens of tables were all set for dinner. We ordered two beers and some food from our waiter, but as we drank our beers and chatted Guillermo and I heard sporadic applause coming from nearby.

We shrugged it off as the food came, and we tucked into it ravenously, but then the loud noise returned. Shortly after, we saw a few women wearing the traditional, tall bowler hats and alpaca wool wraps appear out of nowhere, followed by some two hundred men and women in similar dress, all talking excitedly.

That explained all the set tables, I guessed, as Guillermo and I began to feel like visitors to another planet.

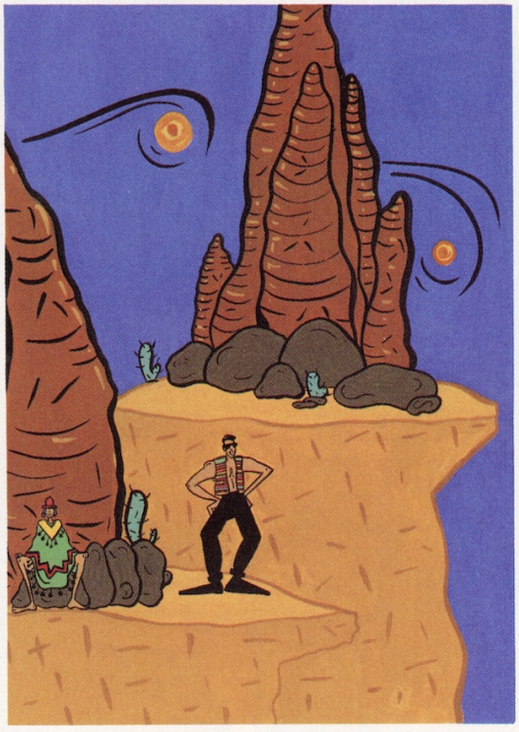
We finished our meal and Guillermo asked our waiter what was going on in. He said the villagers were holding a festival to celebrate Epiphany, the commemoration of Christ's manifestation to the Magi.

Still confused, we finished our meal and left the dining hall only to discover it had been raining. We still had some travelling to do that night, so climbing aboard the 4WD, Guillermo expertly negotiated the hazardous, muddy track until we eventually arrived at another small farming village. Our headlights picked out its inhabitants moving around silently in the shadows. Guillermo parked the Land Cruiser, and we got out to look around.

I could hear a constant murmur and, as my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I realised that what I had previously thought were bushes were, in fact, groups of men and women, sitting, talking, and drinking their local hooch.

We approached the largest bonfire and were greeted by one of the villagers who luckily knew Guillermo. As I admired their strong, weather-beaten faces in the glow from the fire, I was reminded of a similar race living a similar life on the other side of the world — Mongols.

I told Guillermo to ask them if they had ever seen what I had come to investigate, any 'lights in the sky'. As he asked, a few of the villagers, their smiles fading,



returned to the shadows. One of them laughed and said that they sometimes saw 'Los Hermanos', the brothers as they called them, but they were more interested in the prices their tomatoes would fetch at the market in Arrequipa the next day.

We thanked them and left. Once we were well away from the village, high on a ridge, I asked Guillermo to stop the car. I got out and looked across the valley which we had travelled through earlier that day. I could hear running water beneath my feet, but it was still too dark to see anything.

I had once read that if you meditate upon UFOs you are more likely to see one. I thought this might be a load of bollocks, but somehow at that moment felt inclined to try. I closed my eyes and, taking a deep breath, thought long and hard about UFOs.

I don't know how much time had passed, a minute maybe, when I opened my eyes. As if on cue, an orange light appeared a couple of miles across the valley where two hills met. My initial thought was that it was an approaching car, but there was no other road apart from the one I was on now, and that only led as far as the village.

My next thought was that it was a helicopter, but there wasn't an air base for hundreds of miles around, and we were eleven thousand feet up in mountainous terrain.

The orange light then suddenly stopped moving. It was as if it had seen me. It then started to move steadily across the valley, making a beeline for me. I became rooted to the spot.

Just then, I saw something out of the corner of my eye. I turned round and saw, slowly descending a nearby ridge above and to my right, silhouetting the tall pine trees, a similar light, slower moving — but much closer.

I turned to face the orange light approaching from across the valley. It seemed to me like a probe, rather than an occupied craft. But it wasn't moving like anything the Peruvian Air Force, or any other, would possess.

Again, I looked over my right shoulder at the second orange light slowly descending in line with the pines. I felt my heart beating faster. The light approaching from across the valley was much closer now, but suddenly it disappeared, vanishing into darkness. I spun around to look at the other orange light. But it too had gone.

I waited in the darkness gathering my thoughts, and then went back to Guillermo who was now standing by the Land Cruiser. He too had seen it, which reassured me of my sanity if nothing else.

The following morning we hurriedly drove down into the valley and asked a farmer if he had seen any lights during the night. He laughed, as though we were not the first to ask such a question, and said that he often saw such lights approaching from beyond the hills. But he had seen nothing the previous night because he had been at the festival in the village.

To this day, I don't necessarily believe that those orange craft were manned, or from another planet. All I know is that those objects were unidentifiable — and they were flying. Ⓜ

Illustration by Alison Flintham

Teasers

made of linen and was meant to protect both parties from VD.

You told us last month that the prawn has the largest willy in proportion to its size, but which animal has the biggest clitoris?

Anne, Swansea

Not surprisingly, the whale has the biggest clitoris — over three inches long. However, one of the animals with the biggest clit for its size is the hyena. No wonder they're always laughing!

My mate Ron reckons that Princess Diana is related to Humphrey Bogart. This can't be true — can it?

Geoff, Manchester

Yes it is, Geoff. Humphrey Bogart is very loosely related to Princess Diana; he would've been her seventh cousin twice removed. Imagine him muttering, "Here's looking at you, kid," to her!

I know that sadism is named after the Marquis de Sade, but was there a Marquis de Masoc who invented masochism?

Simon, Hastings

Yes, there was. A Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, to be precise. He was born in 1832 and went on to write 90 political novels (now that *is* a masochist!).

If you would like to question Babs, then send your queries to: Posers & Teasers, *Mayfair*, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HE. Ⓜ

THE DOMINATION GAME

Are you always on top? Or would you rather your partner was? Reporter *Jayne Hastings* finds out just what happens when new rules are made — and broken!

In relationships, domination appears to some degree in both sexes. It is not just some weird kink played by women with whips, dressed in leather and ludicrously high heels. It is, in fact, something that affects everyone's sex life. Take Jenny, a mild-mannered housewife from Middlesex.

"Most of the women I know say that they prefer a man to take control in bed," she says. "Now that doesn't mean they want to be tied to the bedpost and gang-banged, but we do like a strong, caring man who knows what he's doing and will look after us. Nobody loves a wimp! But this doesn't stop him being a sensitive lover. On the contrary, I want a guy to take me and give me what I want without having to ask what it is and whether he's doing it right!"

Her husband, Paul, looks slightly embarrassed.

"I suppose I do dictate the pace in bed," he said, blushing. "I don't push Jenny about or do anything that would hurt her, I would never do that, but we definitely do what I want."

"And you tell me what you're going to do too. I like that!" Jenny added with a giggle of excitement.

"Hmm, yes, you like a bit of the dirty talk, don't you, Jen?" Paul grinned. I pressed him for an example. "Well, it sounds crude, but something like 'My big cock's going to give you the fucking of your life. Do you want it sliding up inside you?' That sort of thing."

From the slight gasps of this quivering housewife, it obviously works, and indeed this sort of thing does for a lot of women. The TV programme *The Good Sex Guide* found in their survey that most men preferred the man to take charge. But not all, and Dana is very definitely a girl who likes to be on top!

"I had my share of drunken quickies from fellas and it practically put me off sex for life. You know the sort of bloke. He gropes your tits like he's plumping up pillows then shoves his cock up you. Five strokes later, that's it. Well, after a few years of this, I decided it was high time I took the lead and started actually enjoying my sex and start doing it the way I wanted."

Dana is scarcely a PVC-clad dominatrix, the only whip she owns is the butterscotch flavour instant one in her fridge. However, when she invites a guy to her bedroom, there is never any doubt who is the boss.

> ***When Dana invites a man back to her bedroom, there is never any doubt who is the boss***

"Everything is taken at my pace," she told me. "I am the one who slowly undresses him before performing a strictly 'no touching' striptease. Most guys seem to get much more aroused when they have to watch each boob slide out of its bra cup then my fanny appearing from my knickers as slow as sunrise without being able to touch them. Then when I'm ready, I take their hands and place them on my bare body.

"I generally start at the hips, putting his hands on each one and then very slowly guiding them up towards my boobs. Just before he gets to them I stop to tease him some more (that usually has their peckers twitching with anticipation!). Then, I guide his hands up to my boobs. Even at that point he's only allowed to cup them, to feel their weight in his palms. It's after that I move in for a deep sensuous kiss, and let him tease my nipples with his fingertips. Then I pull him onto the bed — with me on top, of course.

"By now, he's generally got the idea, and I let his hands roam freely over my body while I do the same to him, ending up at his cock. All this foreplay usually has it big and stiff by now, so it's fun to run a finger up it, though it is playing with fire. I've had a few go off unexpectedly! Soon neither of us can take any more, and I sit up on my knees and oh-so-slowly lower myself onto his cock. Mmm, I love that bit. I can do it as teasingly as I like, and that has me so horny. Then it's up to me whether I go for a fast, fun fuck or a slow, sexy one — so I do both! Usually the first is fast and the next nice and slow!"

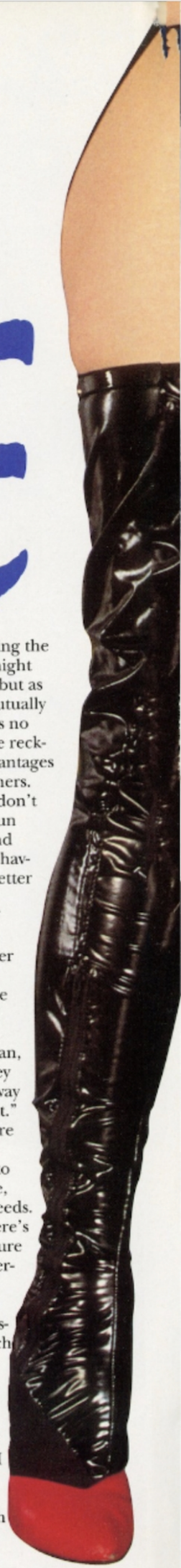
> ***Some men enjoy being insulted; after a lifetime of being in control of others, it's a release***

Dana dictating the sexual pace might sound selfish but as long as it's mutually agreed there's no harm, and she reckons it has advantages for both partners.

"Most guys don't realise what fun foreplay is, and they wind up having a much better screw after it. Quite a lot of the fellas I've met have never done much more than the equivalent of wanking off inside a woman, and when they discover my way they stick to it."

But there are men who are quite happy to be submissive, like Ray of Leeds.

"I think there's a lot of pressure on men to perform in bed, and frankly I find that pressure too much and not very sexy!" he says. "For a long time I was afraid of sex because I was scared I wouldn't be good enough to make a



woman happy, and then I realised it didn't have to be like that. You could relax and let the girl take charge. She'd enjoy it and so would I."

Ray denies being a wimp or anyone's 'sex slave'.

"Oh, I'm quite demonstrative in bed, but I let my girlfriend tell me what she wants, which is the way it should be. I couldn't actually kiss her toes and be punished for not calling her Mistress or anything like that. We don't do things like that in Yorkshire!"

But apparently in Devon they do! That's where Veronica, the Principal of The Corrective Institute hails from. The Institute offers a correspondence course for sex slaves, complete with written homework that is marked by Veronica herself. Trainee slaves have to write letters as if explaining their worst character failings and how they should be punished, then post it to themselves and answer questions on the exam paper like 'How often do you masturbate?' and 'What effect does three sharp slaps have on the buttocks?'

Black marks are punished by difficult tasks such as having to buy a pair of women's panties indicating to the assistant they are for you by adding 'Just my size!' after buying them!

Veronica, still clutching her red pen after marking the latest recruit to her national curriculum, explained the appeal.

"Some men, particularly in high places, are used to bossing people around all day, so to have someone else doing the ordering is an enormous turn-on," she said. "They enjoy being insulted, and after a lifetime being in control and conforming to a stereotype, it's a release. That's my role. I tell them when they can masturbate over my tapes, usually at some anti-social hour like 2.30am, or give them lines to write 100 times and send to me for correction. And they love it! The nastier I am, the better. Now go away, slut, I've work to do!"

Client Slave Nigel broke off from his 2,000 lines to talk to me for a few seconds.

"Oh, I love doing a woman's bidding. I am a worthless thing without my Mistress to tell me what to do. Please give me some orders and punish me if I do not please you. I can suck your toes or even lick your pussy if you like."

I'm sorry, but I just couldn't take a guy like that seriously. I'm with Jenny. I like a man to take control in bed — but only when I want him to!

I reckon that the domination role should change from day to day. Yes, some nights I want to pin my guy to the bed and suck his cock till he's dry as a bone. Other days I want him to pamper me slowly, teasing my body until I'm ready to take him. Domination shouldn't be a case of one sex demanding something from another, it should be shared and the roles swapped occasionally. Write and tell me if you agree. I might even mark it and send it back like Veronica! Ⓜ

You've bee

When you're out on location making naughty videos, about the only things that come off without a hitch are the girl's knickers — as producer* Bill Shipton *reveals!

When it comes to making films most people think it's a simple case of 'veni, vidi, video' — I came, I saw, I recorded. But in the world of naughty tapes, it's very, very different. For a start the order is wrong — most people don't come that early — and also filming steamy videos is fraught with mishaps. If you spot a producer with damp trousers, it's much more likely to be through nerves than arousal!

Even assuming the producer has found some willing girls (rare) and a cameraman who doesn't insist on stopping every 20 seconds for coffee and a fag (even rarer), he has to find a location. Of course, in real TV you can simply walk in anywhere announcing, "Out of the way, this is telly, darlings!" and owners of quaint cottages, farmhouses in Provence or exclusive hotels in the City will clamour round, happy for you to knock their precious building down and rebuild it in return for a five second spot in some crass sitcom. But not in tit vids! Fortunately though, the more successful producers have found a way around this problem. They don't tell them what they are doing.

Take one film company who rather fancied staging a naughty epic inside one of the sumptuous suites at Liverpool's Adelphi Hotel. They simply booked it for the night, telling the hotel it was for a small conference. A reasonable lie, but the management's suspicions were somewhat aroused when the guests at the conference included two enormously-knockered Scouse girls with skirts barely covering their bums, enough make-up to repaint the hotel exterior, video equipment, a large crate of lager and several carrier bags full of suspender belts.

Unaware of the management's well-grounded suspicions, the crew settled in and started filming. Two naked girls were cavorting on one of the hotel's plush sofas, spot-lit and filmed in close-up. As boobs were fondled and tongues started to work their wicked magic on twiddly bits, there was a knock on the door. The girls were told to hide in the bathroom. At the door was a small man in a suit and a very big man in a security uniform.

MESSY BUSINESS

"What's going on here then?" asked the miffed midget.

"Nothing!" bluffed the producer, brilliantly.

The video equipment would have given lie to his words even if one of the Scouse girls hadn't walked out of the bathroom, boobs bouncing and fanny still gleaming from the excitement of earlier and asked, "Can we get on now?" The crew were unceremoniously thrown out at midnight in the pouring rain.

Their only consolation was that the staff helped load all the gear into the film crew's cars in order to facilitate a hasty exit. Unfortunately, a band, the hotel's entertainment for the evening, was putting their gear into the foyer just as the video company was leaving. The porters assumed it was all theirs, so they drove down to London with two pissed off models, an even more pissed off producer and half the hotel's dance band equipment in the boot.

But some companies get away with far more outrageous things in hotel rooms. One small video firm of my acquaintance filmed all the linking material for a one hour epic in a suite at a large THF hotel. Nothing remarkable in that, perhaps, except that it was based around a parody of a television programme, required the building of a complete desk and backdrop in the suite, and ended with a five girl food fight!

With the hotel's furniture piled high against the walls, the set in place and plastic sheeting on the floor, five near-naked females started flinging baked beans, custard, raw eggs, flour and chocolate sauce at each other then rolling around together in the mess. By the end, the 'food' was three inches deep on the floor, the walls splattered with tomato sauce, and the five messy girls were all dying for a shower.

Unfortunately, there was only one in the suite, so the girls decided to use their own. The fact that their rooms were at the other end of the corridor didn't bother them. They waited till the coast was clear, then ran down the hall naked (except for the baked beans and custard!) to their rooms. As the last one made it, a man turned the corner into the corridor. Nobody knows whether he saw anything or not. If he's reading this now, no sir, you weren't imagining it.

There was a naked girl covered from head to foot in food running past your hotel room, and before the more serious-minded of you ask, yes, they did clear it all up. We're film-makers, you know, not rock stars!

The people of the Welsh resort of Tenby have no doubts about what they saw. They were treated to a scantily clad girl singing, then having ice cream rubbed into her cleavage! How come? Well, it was meant to be a parody of the 'Just one Cornetto...' ad, the punchline being the soft ice cream in the boobs. A predictable gag, possibly, but the surroundings were less so.

It was filmed in a well-known picnic area in the town with a view of the bay. The fact that there might be people there

Illustrations by Chris Field (Artist Inc.)

n f@Σ*¿d!

actually enjoying a picnic hadn't occurred to the producer. There was a real crowd, but the girl was game to do the shot anyway, so Tenby tourists were treated to some truly dreadful singing followed by a rather corny slapstick gag. So appreciative were they that they gave the girl a massive round of applause which had to be edited out afterwards. The girl, a sweet young lady called Melanie, responded by addressing the smart Tenby tourists in her own demure way.

"Fucking hell, that ice cream's cold," she informed them. "Me nipples have gone rock hard!"

STRIPTEASE

But at least that location was easy to get at. I know of one producer with arty pretensions who wanted to film a striptease with a girl in evening dress by a stunning waterfall in the North Yorkshire moors. He painted a vivid picture of the sun glinting on the water, and convinced everyone — even the girl — that this was true art. What he didn't tell anyone was that the waterfall was half-way up a mountain. This meant lugging all the video gear up a near vertical gradient, wading through mountain streams and climbing rocks with a beautiful brunette in full evening dress — including high heels — in tow. It took over an hour to climb the mountain but finally they reached a rocky outcrop.

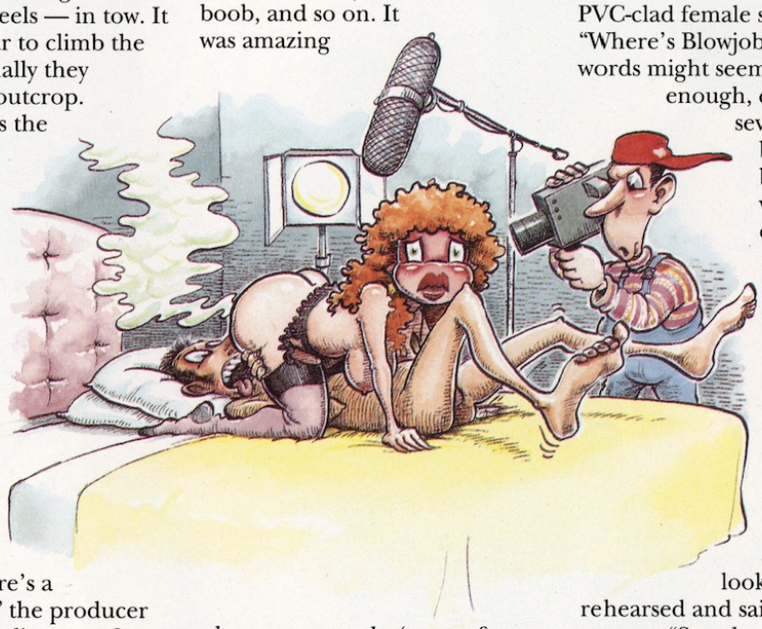
"Just up there is the waterfall!" announced the producer proudly, then climbed the outcrop to show the cameraman the angle he wanted. When they reached the top they realised that nature had beaten them to it. The waterfall had collapsed.

"Er, sorry... there's a slight problem..." the producer said. This was a polite way of saying all the gear and the girl had to go back down again. Needless to say, halfway down, the delicious brunette fell down the side of the hill spraining her ankle. After the local sheep were treated to a unique glimpse of black stockings, suspenders and six inch high heels, the film crew had to carry her down the hill along with the tripod, camera, recorder and so on.

Nobody talked to the producer much after that.

Better to keep your feet firmly on the ground, even if your ideas give the impression you have your head in the clouds.

One video company, used to specialise in getting the public to do the work for them. They managed to get the ordinary girl in the street to do outrageous things in front of their video camera. An interviewer was sent out onto the streets to chat to passers-by and persuade them to show off their underwear. Once they had caught a quick flash of panty, they took it a bit further. A glimpse of bra was followed by a brief bit of boob, and so on. It was amazing what some people (most of whom were obviously enjoying it!) would do.



Needless to say, the police turned up in the form of one WPC who asked them to move on. "Of course, officer," said the interviewer. "But before we go..." Amazingly, they did manage to record a very quick glimpse of an official police undie before she'd had enough and started taking out her notepad. The crew fled.

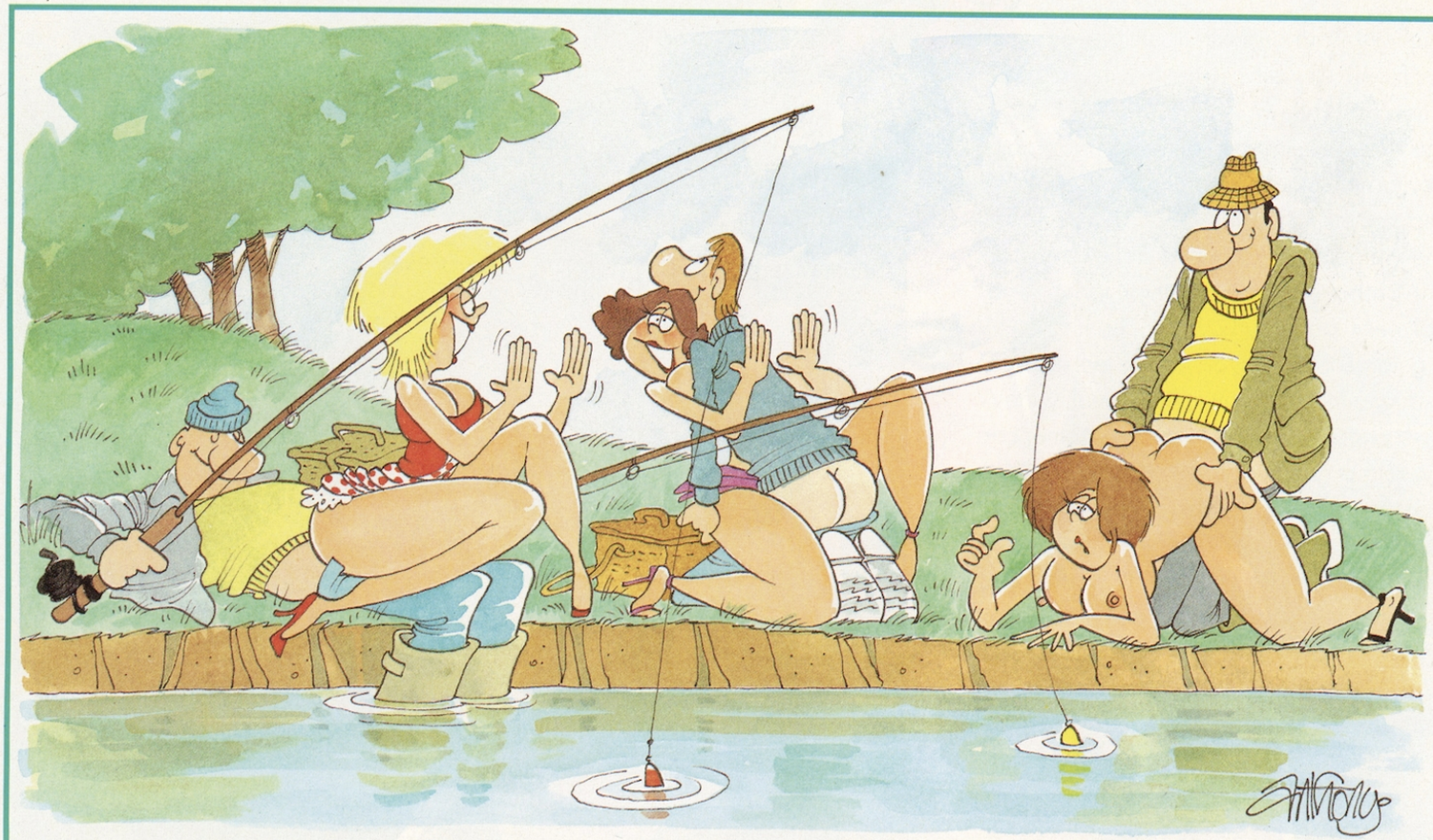
Safer still to stay in the studio, but even there filming is fraught with problems. I personally witnessed a girl with nervous wind who almost asphyxiated her 69 partner; a charming woman booked for a toe sucking video who turned down th role as she was vegetarian, and the window cleaners who turned up during a shoot and cleaned the same pane all afternoon. Then, of course, there are the words, knowing them, saying them in the right order and at the right time.

MUFFED PARTS

It's not easy for the best of us, and for a girl renowned more for beauty than brains, already nervous in front of a video camera, they are impossible.

Take Caroline. She was playing a character called Jane Pond in a rather uninspired 007 parody. Her adversary 'more evil than Blofeld, more sinister than Oddjob' was called Blowjob. Caroline had just one line to deliver. She had to look around for the baddie and say to his evil PVC-clad female sidekick, "Where's Blowjob?" Now two words might seem simple enough, especially after several rehearsals, but come the big moment when the camera rolled something clicked out of place in Caroline's mind. Either that or the thought of her boyfriend suddenly loomed larger than the script. She looked round as rehearsed and said, straight to camera, "So, where's my blowjob?"

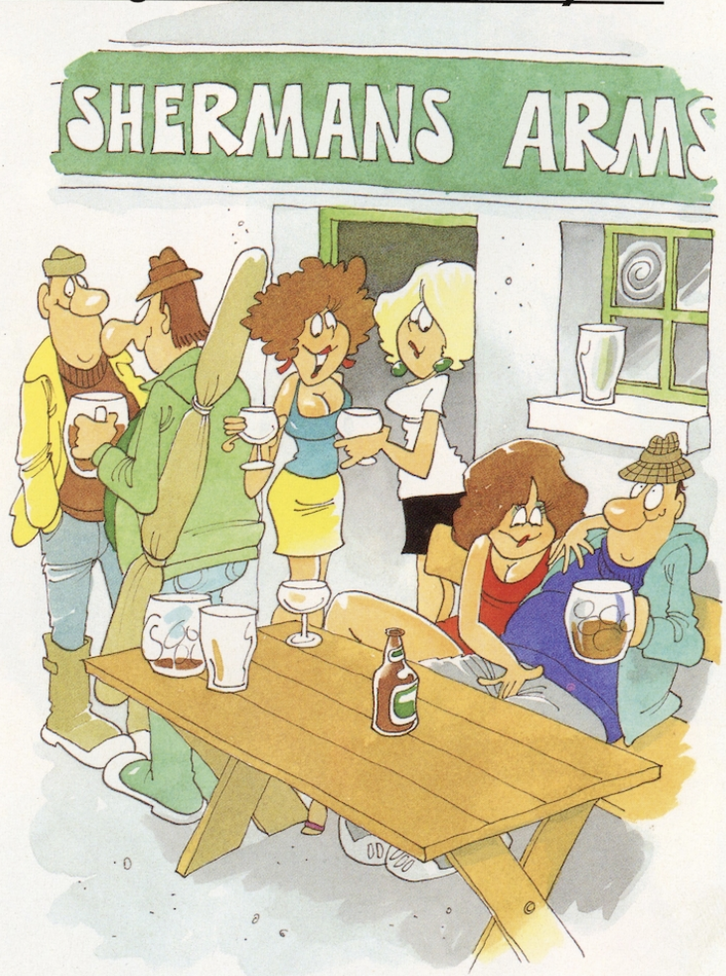
Looking back, her line was probably better.... Ⓜ



WHAT A CATCH!

Do anglers ever drop more than a line to get a bite? Coarse they do!

You know what anglers are like, they have to weigh everything they catch!



I see Carol's doing a spot of fly-fishing

Cartoons by Anthony Hutchings

I see Frank's managed to get a nibble

Hello Tim — caught anything?

Ferchrissakes Tina, not now — I've got a bite!

QUEST

LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

What makes some women become attracted to members of their own sex — or even to members of both sexes? Just what is the difference between the sex lives of male/female couples and all-women sexual partnerships? Quest talks to three women who have had three very different sexual encounters with other partners...

Quest: Until this recent event occurred you totally accepted the fact that — as far as you were concerned — you were a lesbian?

Ms L: Yes, I'd admitted to myself when I was at training college that I liked to go to bed with women, and I had my first sexual experience with one there. Of course, by my late teens I'd done all the usual things — giving blow-jobs, getting head, feeling a young guy's cock easing its way up inside my fanny and slipping in and out of me until he came.

But when I went on my vocational college course I found myself becoming attracted to other girls, and by the end of my first year, I'd had lesbian affairs with three of them and was about to be seduced by one of my female lecturers too.

PERSONAL FILE

Name... Ms L
Age... 23
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Weymouth
Other details... This landscape gardener seems quite meek and ordinary on the outside, but for some years she has been leading a double life as a stalwart of her local lesbian community. She thought that she had no interest in men — until recently...

"He was staring at my bottom and the way my tits pressed hard against my shirt"

Now I don't look like a stereotypical lesbian, with my long blonde hair and slim figure and I'm quite quiet and shy too, not at all forceful as most up front butches seem to be. But then, after what's happened in the last few weeks, I'm beginning to question my own sexuality once again.

Quest: Your job is involved in this incident, isn't it?

Ms L: Yes, because that's how I met Mike. A promotion took me to Weymouth a couple of years ago and I'd been quietly getting on with my life, occasionally having affairs with several women — most of whom were bisexual and married, I have to admit! It was as if I was deliberately choosing women who were like that because I knew they would never commit themselves to a totally lesbian lifestyle. It was almost like I knew I was going to be turned back the other way...

What happened was that, just after last Christmas, I was hired by the local council to work on a new housing development. There were a number of houses and flats being built, and I was to design the gardens around them. Mike was one of the builders on the project and when he first saw me his face lit up; he can't have had any idea I was a lesbian.

And I had no idea I'd react to him the way I did. Suddenly all my excitement rushed to my fanny and I felt more aroused than I had for months! I was shocked at my own emotions, I'd only ever been turned on by other women since my late teens and here was this complete stranger getting me aroused.

It was obvious Mike had no idea about my sexual preferences as he kept on flirting with me, and several times I even caught him staring at the shape of my bottom through my jeans and the way my rounded little titties pressed hard against the material of my shirt. It's funny, they always seemed to be hard and stiff when Mike was around.

He finally made his move after he'd walked me home from the pub one night. I invited him back to my place for coffee, and it was only minutes before we were kissing passionately, me backed up against the draining board with one leg wrapped around his waist and the other on the ground to steady myself as I pushed my tongue almost down his throat. I was so eager to taste him — all over.

I don't know what came over me, but before I knew it, my hands were wrestling with his flies and his cock had popped out into my hand, all warm and stiff.

"Go on, play with it," Mike whispered. "Look how hard it's getting. That's what you've been doing to me all week!"

I didn't speak, just started tug-

ging up and down on his cock, feeling the smooth, hot foreskin moving along the inner shaft, his dark red helmet oozing pre-come as I speeded things up.

"That's better — rub your thumb over the tip of it... oh, that's beautiful!" He was breathing heavily now, thrusting his crotch right at me, grinding into my pubic mound. I could feel how wet and swollen my pussy lips were, and I squeezed my thighs together as I balanced myself right on the edge of the worktop, pushing my calves between Mike's spread legs and rubbing them up against his balls. He bit his lip, and I could see that he was having trouble not coming right there and then.

"Touch my pussy now," I whispered, and as Mike's experienced fingers probed up to my pussy lips and gently eased them apart, my love juices started to spill out and coat his hand. "Right up in there," I instructed, and soon our fingers were both working in unison, me reaching down and masturbating Mike, while he brought me ever closer to a really hard climax.

But I just couldn't get there. Placing the tip of my thumb over the eye of his cock so that he didn't shoot his load before I wanted him to, I pulled myself off the worktop and eased him backwards into a dining chair. Then, without even bothering to take off my knickers, just pulling the crotch aside with my fingers and burying it in my wet folds, I sank down juicily on to his shaft.

It was a totally delicious and unexpected sensation to be so thoroughly filled up like that. Using my cunny muscles, I gripped his cock inside me, Mike moaning as he just shifted his pelvis backwards and forwards to meet my own thrusts. I loved the feeling of being in control, of rising and sinking down again, impaled on Mike's shaft. I opened my eyes and watched this hunk sitting with his cock up me, bucking his hips, and felt even more aroused.

"Why ever didn't I do this before?" I murmured. Mike looked puzzled, but I couldn't tell him the whole story just then (although I did explain everything to him later). All I could think about was riding that cock of his for all I was worth.

"I loved the feeling of being in control, of rising and sinking on his shaft"

His hot shaft rammed up inside me, again and again, and the harder I was being fucked, the more I liked it. I reached down and played with my clit at the same time, just to heighten my own pleasure (lesbians are never shy about touching themselves to get off), and by rhythmically rubbing myself I was soon climaxing, my nipples jiggling into Mike's face as I rode him.

He grazed gently against them with his teeth as his balls tightened underneath my buttocks, and I knew then that he was going to shoot his load inside me any moment.

Sure enough, seconds later his whole body tensed and he screamed out loud he was coming. I prepared myself for feeling a man come in me for the first time, and when his thick spunk jetted up inside my pussy it brought on my biggest climax of all. My whole body was convulsing as I savoured every second of it. Nothing I'd experienced with my lesbian lovers had prepared me for the delicious feeling of being pumped full of hot cock-meat, or of having a gorgeous hunk like Mike shooting off inside me. I knew that after a fuck like that my sex life could never be the same again.

And it wasn't. Mike and I have been lovers ever since, and he's been showing me exactly what I've been missing these last few years. The good thing is, is that he really gets off on hearing about my lesbian exploits too, and the idea of doing a little show with a friend or two just for his benefit is getting all the more appealing — for both of us!

I know he'd be really turned on to see me getting off with another girl — especially if he joined in as well — so maybe when it's his next birthday... hey! I hope he's not reading this; it'll spoil the surprise!

QUEST

LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Quest: You were quite aware of your sexuality from an early age, weren't you?

Ms Y: Yes, I've always known I was a lesbian, and I must admit I've never really wanted to go to bed with a man. That doesn't mean that I hate men or anything like that; in fact, I've got a lot of good friends who are male, and they all accept me for what I am. But I do find there's an incredible curiosity among blokes about what lesbian women do to each other in bed. I guess I'm a bit of an exhibitionist because I really enjoy giving them all the graphic details of just what turns women on!

Quest: You say you're an exhibitionist. Has that ever got you into trouble?

Ms Y: Well, let's just say that myself and the various girlfriends that I've had have never held back from showing affection in public or making it obvious that we're a couple. Why should we? But apart from the odd wolf-whistle, no, it's never got me into trouble.

I am a terrible flirt though, and once I chatted up and seduced a complete stranger in a very public place, despite the fact that she'd never had sex with another woman in her life! There's a first time for everything, I suppose, and I'm glad to know that I taught her a few things which she's passed on to subsequent lovers — both male and female.

Quest: So how did you chat her up exactly?

Ms Y: Well, she was working on the cosmetics counter in a large store in London, where I was living at the time. As soon as I saw her, I was really turned on.

"Our bodies moved closer together, our legs brushing, our boobs touching"

It was obvious that she was straight, but as any lesbian will tell you, that's always a great challenge! It was so easy to talk to her, and before long I'd found out that she belonged to an all-women gym nearby. So I enrolled straight away.

The whole place was like paradise for me, and I could tell that quite a few of the women were there just because it was cheaper than a dating agency! But the real attraction for me was that there were a lot of straight women there, including Heather.

On my second visit, I managed to be there at the same time as she was. It's wonderfully relaxing at these health spas, and I love pampering my body and keeping it in trim. I'd just treated myself to a sauna and a spell in the pool, and was heading for the jacuzzi wearing nothing but a towel when I bumped into Heather, who was obviously on her way there too.

She recognised me straight away, despite the fact that I was almost naked, and I could hardly keep my eyes off her smooth, curvaceous figure. We headed for the jacuzzi, threw our towels off and started chatting as we got in, and gradually the movement of the water jets kept making our bodies move closer and closer together, our legs brushing, our boobs floating on the water. It was a delicious feeling, and I became so relaxed that I just took her hand underwater without even thinking about it, without even looking at her, and started gently stroking her fingers with my own.

It was a good job that there was no one else around, as when my caressing fingers moved up her arm and started rubbing against her pointed, throbbing nipples, Heather started moaning so loudly that I thought she was having an orgasm then and there!

"Oh, that's so good — touch me lower," she murmured. She put her hand on mine and urged my fingers lower and lower down her body under the water.

When my index finger came to rest on her clitty, Heather leaned back and sighed, letting the movement of my finger and the movement of the water both soothe and excite her at the same time. Her head was resting on the edge of the jacuzzi, her neck arched and her boobs floating on the bubbling surface. As I

"We were kissing and sucking and nibbling each other as we fell onto the bed"

PERSONAL FILE

Name... Ms Y
Age... 24
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Manchester
Other details... This computer operator 'came out' in her late teens, and has never had sex with a man. Here, she gives a detailed insight into the sex life of a confirmed lesbian...

brought her to our first mutual climax (I'd given myself a mini one by squeezing my thighs hard together under the water), Heather let out what I can only describe as a howl of pleasure, and subsided back into the water, panting hard.

"That's the first time I've ever let anyone do that," she confessed when we'd both recovered. "I never thought I'd be attracted to another women... so tell me, when can I get to go to bed with you properly?"

"There's a first time for everything," I smiled. "Don't worry. I'll teach you everything you need to know — and soon!"

We both got dressed in record time and headed back to Heather's flat. Her flatmate was out, thankfully, because we barely made it to her bedroom before we were tearing each other's clothes off, kissing and sucking and nibbling each other as we stumbled towards the bed.

For a girl who'd never been to bed with another woman, Heather seemed to be doing pretty well! She crouched above me, running her hands all over my body, finding every nook and cranny that turned me on, letting her boobs dangle so that they brushed against my overheated skin every time she moved.

I caught one nipple in my mouth and sucked on it hard, my teeth nibbling the areolae as Heather thrashed around above me. I was able to drive her wild just by arching up and rubbing our tits together, and when her finger moved down to my pussy, teasing my love lips apart and probing right up inside me, I clenched my pussy walls together around them. Soon we were rocking together in unison, Heather still crouching above me as she slipped her tongue into my mouth.

However, I'm used to dominating in bed, so I rolled over until Heather was underneath me, her hair all spread out on the pillow and her nipples thrusting up. Then I slowly moved my lips across her soft skin and down her body, so that I was soon tasting her delicious pussy.

Heather couldn't even speak as I started to eat her out, she was so turned on. I buried my face right up into her fragrant pussy and licked and sucked for all I was worth.

All I could think of was of giving her pleasure, of bringing her to the best orgasm of her life. And when she did come, her knees were clamped around my head so hard I could barely breathe, but it was wonderful to feel the shuddering that rushed through her body and to taste the cunny juices that spurted out.

"I buried myself into her pussy and licked and sucked for all I was worth"

"This is something you need to learn, too," I smiled, and before she could say anything, I sat on her face and held my love lips open above her mouth.

"Lick me, just like you'd like it done to you," I told her.

It didn't take Heather long to learn that eating out another woman is one of the best feelings in the world, and her lips and tongue were soon sucking and penetrating me like she'd done it for years. I just let my thighs open as wide as possible, and when she started to finger my clitty at the same time I couldn't hold myself back any longer. Once I'd started coming I thought I was never going to stop, I was so aroused and horny!

Heather and I carried on seeing each other for a while after that, and she became a confirmed lesbian. The problem was, she loved girl-girl sex so much that I knew she wouldn't be faithful to me, and because I'm quite possessive and I really couldn't handle her going out with other women and sleeping around, we had to call it a day.

Since we broke up we've had a few nights together, despite the fact that I moved up here, and Heather's gone from strength to strength, teaching everything I'd taught her to a whole host of lucky women — so at least some good's come of it!

QUEST

LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Quest: You and your husband have a very open attitude towards sex, don't you?

Mrs M: Well, yes. I was a virgin when we met, you see, and when I was young I struggled to restrain my sexuality — I masturbated, fantasised about having sex with two or three men at once, or even two or three women at once! I always felt guilty and very naughty about having these thoughts, but it didn't stop me from enjoying a great sex life with my own body! My fingers were certainly very experienced, and although I remained a virgin until I met Trevor, I knew exactly how to turn myself on.

Quest: So, until your marriage, your husband was the only man you'd ever slept with. Is that right?

Mrs M: Yes, and I can't imagine what it would have been like if I hadn't been a virgin when I met Trevor. That was one of the things that he liked about me. When he took my virginity it was the happiest day of my life. I didn't think it could get better! I'm totally relaxed with Trevor, and that's why we shared our fantasies with each other from quite an early stage. I'd never admitted to anyone that I often imagined having two women caressing my body with their tongues and fingers, but when I finally told Trevor he was delighted. Although we'd become involved with a local partner-swapping

"I'd fantasise about having sex with two or three men, or women, at once"

group not long after our marriage, and although I enjoyed it, I was as frustrated as hell still not knowing what it felt like to have a woman's tongue and fingers arousing me by touching my breasts and pussy.

Quest: How long did it take you to finally get into your first all-girl sex session?

Mrs M: It happened about two years ago, three years after we got married.

PERSONAL FILE

Name... Mrs M
Age... 27
Sex... Female
Town of origin... Stourbridge
Other details... This housewife and her husband have what might be described as a traditional relationship, but both find it happy and satisfying — she stays at home while he goes out to work. Sexually, however, they each explore their own deepest fantasies on a more open and equal footing...

Quest: Tell us more about that. Go into as much detail as you like.

Mrs M: Well, after I'd confessed to Trevor that it turned me on just thinking about having sex with other women, I could see it had set his mind racing. He really wanted my fantasy to come true for both our sakes. And he managed it.

One evening I returned to the house after visiting my family and when I walked in, there were two of the most horny women I'd ever seen, wearing very skimpy and sexy clothes, sitting on the sofa chatting to Trevor! I did feel a little twinge of jealousy at first, but when Trevor stood up and introduced us, I realised they were just for me.

"Look who I've brought to meet you, darling!" he grinned. "This is Stacey (she was the petite blonde) and this is Tina (who had black hair)."

It turned out he had been put in touch with them through some of his group sex contacts. Stacey and Tina were both bisex-

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ual, and they were here to give me my first taste of pussy!

"Anything you want us to show you, or anything you want us to do to you, just say. We're all yours!" Stacey told me. "We want the first time you make love to a woman to be the best experience of your life!"

Talk about a dream come true! Trevor said he would leave us to it, though he promised to come back a little later to 'keep tabs on the action'. Then I was alone with Tina and Stacey.

Any nervousness I felt disappeared the moment they started gently stroking my body through my clothes, then peeling them off, yet all the time stroking and fondling me. When I was naked, they stripped off too, and Stacey produced a bottle of body oil from her handbag. It smelled wonderful, and I lay down on the rug in front of the fire, just waiting for the two girls to deal with me the way they saw fit.

"Just close your eyes and relax," Tina told me as she started to smooth the oil into my aching titties. "You'll soon start to feel those little comes building up."

And she was right. As soon as four soft, skilled hands slid all over my skin, firmly smoothing and easing me into a state of sexual stupor, I could feel the murmurs of an orgasm beginning. They stroked over and under my boobs, fingers caressing the soft skin underneath them, then under my arms and across my neck and shoulders, which made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up and my nipples stand right out. Then they moved lower down my body, touching my stomach and sliding between my thighs, gently parting my moist, warm cunt lips. I was so turned on I could barely breathe.

Slowly, I felt my head start to swim; it seemed as if there were tongues and fingers everywhere. All I knew was that I was writhing with pleasure as they speeded up, pushing me further and further towards my first climax of the night. When I did come, I let out a huge groan, trembling with excitement and arousal — and then I felt one firm, ripe tit being fed between my lips for me to suck on.

I guzzled at the nipple, making it all wet as I oozed juices from my pussy. It was Stacey who was now astride my chest, dangling her boob into my mouth, as Tina crouched between my legs, fingering my clitty as if her life depended on it.

When I felt her tongue dive inside me for the first time, I again shuddered to a mini-climax, clamping my legs around her head to urge her to explore deeper inside me. I was only vaguely aware that Trevor had come back into the room, but I didn't even have enough breath to say anything to him as just then I was hit by my strongest climax of the night. It was so overwhelming and unexpected I really thought I was going to pass out with the pleasure of it.

"They touched me between my thighs, gently parting my warm, moist lips"

Tina was really going down on me furiously now, my pussy lips gaping wide and dripping juices out into her mouth. On top of me, Stacey shifted so that her pussy was over my own lips. "Now taste me," she instructed, wiggling to press her clitty against my tongue.

I delved deep between her pussy lips, and my first taste of a woman's love juices really got me going. I couldn't believe how tangy and comfortingly familiar they tasted. Stacey just rode my tongue's thrusts, and I learned the technique so quickly it was as if I'd been born to eat pussy! The moment I made her come, bucking and moaning on top me was yet another new, incredible turn-on, and it made me come again too, my wet pussy walls contracting with the force of my orgasm.

After I'd brought her off, Stacey and Tina changed places so that I could get in some more pussy-licking practice, and this time I was able to bring Tina to a climax in double-quick time, proving I was really getting the hang of things!

I couldn't believe how the whole situation had felt so naturally sexy. I felt no awkwardness, it was as if I'd been making love to women for years. And of course after that, all-girl sex has been an integral part of my sex life. Usually Trevor is there, but on the few occasions when I've really let myself go and done things I couldn't even tell you about, I've kept secret from him. I don't really know how he'd feel about that.

Of course, I still need a good length of cock on a regular basis, but there's nothing like a little variety to spice things up! Ⓜ